

Woman's Magazine

PILGRIMAGE OF A HEART. BY W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE.

FIRST met him in the French colony of Martinique.

We both lodged in the dilapidated Hotel des Bains, the sole caravansary of the quaint Creole city of St. Pierre, and as we were the only two Englishmen in the place, we soon naturally on a friendly footing; but as to knowing Colonel Oroyd, that was an entirely different matter. He never received any letters and never sent any, but the local bank was advised by a big London house to cash his checks. So the rumor ran that he was fabulously rich.

From week to week he prolonged his stay. He said he was waiting for the spring to return to England. But I think there was something soothing to him in the simple, sleepy life of his quaint well-forgotten French colony with its beautiful scenery and picturesque people and memories of a glorious bygone time.

Opposite the Hotel des Bains, as it was justly nicknamed, was the Mairie, a battered old building with a grandly pretentious air, and in front of it was a little square, very dusty and forlorn, with a few benches under some scrubby mango trees. This was a favorite spot with Col. Oroyd; he liked to sit in the square and listen to the life in the dark.

When the French Governor came from Fort de France on his yearly visit to St. Pierre, Col. Oroyd went to call on him. The next day an enormous berline with four horses rumbled heavily through the cobble-paved town and halted in front of the Hotel des Bains, filling the entire street from the Mairie to where you turn into the Rue de France. It was the Governor going to pay a call, an unusual thing, and all St. Pierre was agog with curiosity.

The Governor's visit was to Col. Oroyd, and when he went back to Fort de France he took Col. Oroyd with him on a visit—he had been companions in arms in the Crimea. It was said.

Shortly afterward I was hastily summoned to Antwerp, and Col. Oroyd had almost passed out of my thoughts, when one morning I saw his form, centrally placed in the Custom-House in the midst of a chattering lot of dealers just landed from the mail steamer. He recognized me at once and seemed glad to see me. I helped him through the customs and got him a room near mine over a Portuguese provision store for the dreary, dead-and-alive town boasted no hotel.

But at last I got him to go to English Harbor with me. It was the day before he was to leave to go

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER ADVISES HUSBANDS AND WIVES

Love Will Find a Way.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

My husband gets drunk and calls me names. He threatens to beat me and has on some occasions made attempts to do so. I am his second wife. I have one boy, three years old, and one step-child, eleven years old, whom I love. If I ever could get the love of his first wife, my husband would be a different man. We have a nice home. I do everything to keep him from growing. He calls to see my brother and sisters. They treat him kindly. He thinks I do not tell them about him. It is very seldom I hear a civil word from either my husband or his mother. We are married five years and are about the same age. He was very unkind to his first wife. My friends want me to leave him. It is misery, but what can I do for a home? We have over \$1,000 between us and I have near as much that he knows nothing about. With all his faults I love him and do not forget the promise I made at the altar to be true.

CONSTANT.

With all his faults you love him. That love will teach you a wisdom far beyond any advice I might give you. It will make you clear-sighted, so that you will see not only his faults but your own. It will make you forbearing, so that you will be patient with even his ugliest moods. It will make you strong, so that you will be able to forgive his weakness. It will make you tactful and thoughtful and tender, so that you will learn all the right ways of dealing with him. It will make you heartily earnest in trying to bring out his best nature. It will make you thoroughly unselfish in avoiding the petty acts and words which seem to bring out his worst. In all the world there is nothing so strong or so wise as true love. I am trusting in yours to make peace between you and your husband.

Another Unhappy Wife.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have been married eight years and the last few years have been very unhappy on account of my husband and myself failing to agree on anything. I am not in very good health and am ex-

OBJECT TO OUR DRESS.

They tell in West Africa of a fine old fellow, a convert to Islam, who came into one of the settlements of Sierra Leone one day with his son, when both were astonished by the appearance of a civilized native arrayed in a swallow-tail coat, a tall silk hat and a standing collar. Turning to his son the astonished old man said:

"Look here, if you ever forget Islam and become Nazara (Christian), you may come to look like that."

THE WOMAN WHO HOLDS A MAN'S LOVE.

I would venture to say that I could enumerate the faults and foibles of the wives of nine out of every ten men of my acquaintance, and it's the easiest thing in the world to deduce from inference.

A man may not intend to say any word against his wife, or to betray any domestic secret, but in the ordinary course of conversation he will let fall a remark or ask a question that reveals the whole story like a flashlight. When he asks of the sympathetic friend, in a harassed tone of voice, "Do you think a woman is ever justified in corresponding with her husband against her husband's wishes?" It doesn't take a sledge-hammer to impress the conclusion as to which particular woman he refers. Or should he say, "Some women are so infernally jealous, or many married couples would be happier if mother-in-law were burned on the funeral pyre of their dead and gone spouses," you know full well that the poor man has been overdone with either jealousy or too much mother-in-law, and so on through the gamut of matrimonial harmonies and discords.

Of course, the tactful woman never betrays the fact as to whom she seems, but she can very cleverly make her deductions which will fit the case perfectly.

When a man says, "There are some

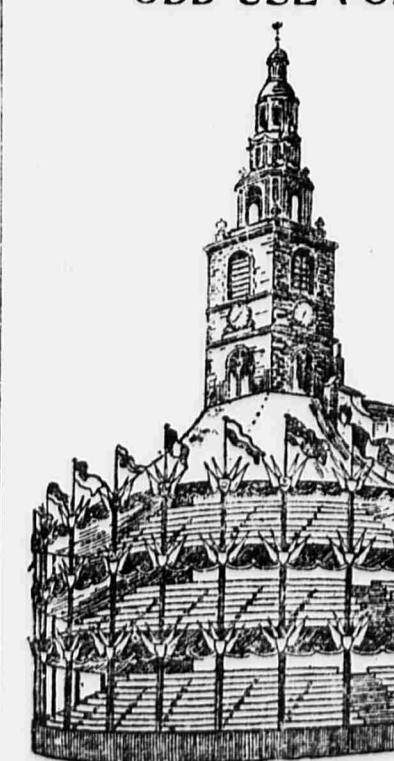
etables.

We have not very much room in the flat and my husband insists that his brother shall stay with us and it is very inconvenient for me, being sick so much. When I speak to my husband about it he says I can go or else put up with his brother, whichever I please. My husband was always a very good man until lately. Now he gets drunk. He says it is always my fault and that he does wrong because I am jealous. Please tell me what you think I should do.

E. T.

I do not want you to think I am accusing your husband for wrongdoing or finding fault with yourself when I advise you to try as earnestly as you can to remember the earlier days of your married life. Think of your husband as he was at that time. Think of the many young lover whom from his boyhood you had known to be free from bad habits. Then—because you value a wife's happiness too highly to be

ODD USE FOR A CHURCH.



The historic church of St. Clement, in the Strand, London, has been put to a curious use for the coronation. Surrounding the base and rising in three tiers almost to the roof of the sacred edifice, is a grand stand, decked with countless streamers and the flags of many nations.

women whom nothing on earth would please," then you may be sure they are wrestling with an irritable home crank. It is for this reason that men who are naturally fond of home life seek the companionship of other women when wives make the real home unpleasant.

The great majority of men prefer the companionship of a congenial woman to that of other men. If the wife at home is disagreeable he will seek the other woman much often than bodes any good for home affilation, and this is the root from which the divorce tree flourishes.

Man is much more susceptible to flattery than woman. The latter grows suspicious when women flatter her, but a man is soothed and caressed by real, large, succulent doses, regarded as proof of woman's superior powers of discernment and a just tribute to his intrinsic worth.

A woman who cultivates a caressing, sympathetic manner in her intercourse with men is the woman who makes a man her abject slave.

The wife who flatters a husband by praising his every act, encouraging him and keeps him in a state of pleasant exhilaration, while the woman who is rarely in a good humor herself cannot expect other than that a man will be influenced by the troublesome atmosphere

is always ready to graciously accept a situation and make the best of an unpleasant or unavoidable episode, while the younger woman, with less self-control, that comes with experience, is able to make an exhibition of her annoyance.

This is the secret of the influence that so many middle-aged women possess over striplings half their years, while the younger woman, with less self-control, that comes with experience, is able to make an exhibition of her annoyance.

There are a thousand ways of flattering man, and the trick to be successful must be cleverly manipulated, with a suspicion of legendomania. To flatter a man is to give him a picture of the mother wit. It is the delicate touch of flattery, among them the most effective, to think of and suggest such trifles as will add to his comfort or pleasure, and to be ready to choose the flowers that are his favorites, to wear a gown he has admired to give him the most conspicuous place on your dressing table or parlor mantle, and if the acquaintance has progressed sufficiently to tender him to wear his picture in a pocket.

It is the widow who studies a man's needs and tries to give him pleasure. She rarely has such exaggerated ideas of her own importance as a young girl entertains. The latter wants all the attention lavished on her and in a proportioned way that establishes the fact that she is the one and only consideration on earth. The widow is content to exchange attentions, coin for coin. She need not forget her dignity one jot, but she is, in other words, adaptable. She

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A B C REPARTEE.

An upstart lawyer with a fancy for dogs recently made an addition to his kennel of which he was especially proud. He was leading the animal through the Port Richmond neighborhood the other day, and met a group of friends, with whom he stopped.

"Wouldn't you call that dog an A-1?" he asked.

"Hardly that—hardly that!" said one of the group, musingly. "What's the matter with calling it a K-9?"

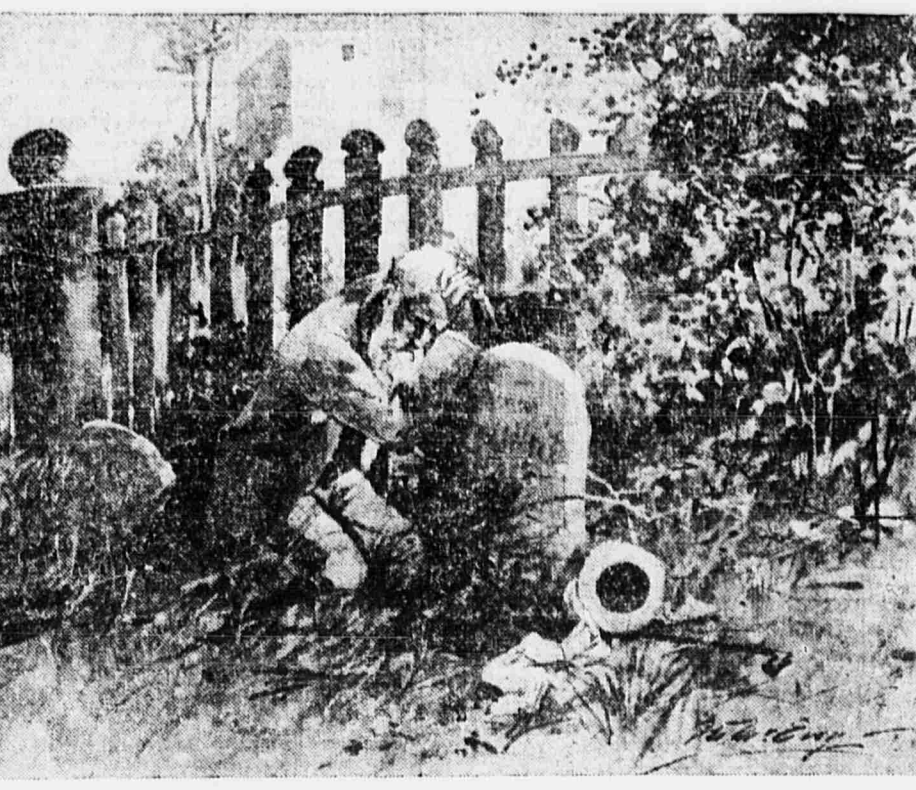
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Spain and England had wrestled, to become valueless. The troops were withdrawn and concentrated in a single island, the forts were dismantled and the barracks left to the tropical sun and wind and rain, which soon demolished them. They were now a fast-

A TRYST WITH THE DEAD.



COL. OROYD WAS LYING WITH HIS HEAD ON AN OLD DEPAVED TOMBSTONE.

obliterating landmark of a once very glorious past. The dilapidated ruins looked pitifully on the lofty, wind-blown heights, and conjured up the past far more than the well-kept dockyard below. The

officers' barracks were the most interesting. Some hurricane had long since stripped off the roof, and the worm-eaten floors would hardly bear any greater weight than the land crabs and centipedes that scurried across them. The mess-room was better pre-

served than the rest, but you felt that at the first storm the crazy walls would fall in. Ah, if that wall could speak, what tales they would tell—tales of Nelson and Napoleon of a surety.

A long time elapsed, and, as Col. Oroyd did not appear, I went to look for the man of his years, and I went in search of him. The old garrison graveyard lay on the very verge of the cliffs; its iron railings had long since rusted away in the corroding air, and a few crumbling tombs, black with age, were half hidden in a jungle of wild aloes and cacti. The desolation of the heights was very apparent here. Col. Oroyd was lying with his head down on an old defaced tomb. I thought he had fainted, and, running to him, I touched him on the shoulder. He raised a face, the tearless misery of which appalled me. I had a mean sense of intruding; I could say nothing, do nothing, and covered with confusion, I turned away. But he rose to his feet, and, putting his arm through mine, said, with a weak smile:

"Come, let us go; I have been detaining you; it was very thoughtless of me."

We walked away; but as we left the place, whose dreariness now no splendor of the sun could hide, he broke from me with a cry, and rushing back to the old dilapidated tomb, fell on his knees beside it and kissed it passionately. With such delicacy as I could, I turned my back so as not to witness this mysterious and terrible grief. He recovered himself quickly, however, and came back to me; but he seemed to have forgotten my existence, to be oblivious of everything, as if he were in a fit of deep abstraction. Then he began to walk very fast, almost running, and I followed silently, hot and winded. As we passed the lunatic asylum with its Bedlam noises he stopped suddenly, and turning to me said:

"No, no, not that! After all these years, to go mad! No, it wouldn't be brave; I will pull myself together. Come, let us go back to town as if we had enjoyed our visit to the lion of Antigua!"

Some forty years ago this eccentric old man was in love—the first love of a dashing, ardent boy of one-and-twenty. He was a lieutenant in the army, with nothing but his pay, and ordered away on foreign service for five years. Five years to be absent from her! What was prudence got to do with love and one-and-twenty years? The less we expect the better, any larger proportion of virtue than the moon, securing common sense, daring fate to do its worst, they were married. The very desperation of the deed but added fuel to their love. The path of life stretched out before them straight and narrow, just room enough for themselves to walk in. The primrose path, no past, no future, no thorns! Ah, sweet one-and-twenty years, let us thank God for you. The memory of your ardor, your freshness, your irresponsibility, your aloneness, is like the reading of a beautiful poem, that makes one for the nonce forget the terrible, relentless

prose of maturity.

This regiment was ordered to Antigua; he had once sat a plink and white beardless boy in antiquated uniform round that old mess-table. He was among those red-faced and bronzed men who talked of Waterloo and the Peninsula he was as much of a man, for had he not a wife, a wife to leave him even for the brief space of a mess dinner was like going across seas! Ah me, and ah me! The yellow-fever fiend appeared at English Harbor, running through the white troops, fanning eagerly on their fresh northern blood, the malarial fever! And one day it seized the girl-wife and would not give her up for all the labor of Hercules rolled into one. It was a terrible, terrible blow. For him the lamp of life had gone out. And when they buried her in that lonely grave on those wind-blown heights, where she must lie forever alone, he realized what love is to the world, what it means to a man. 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